

DELL
15¢

DECEMBER

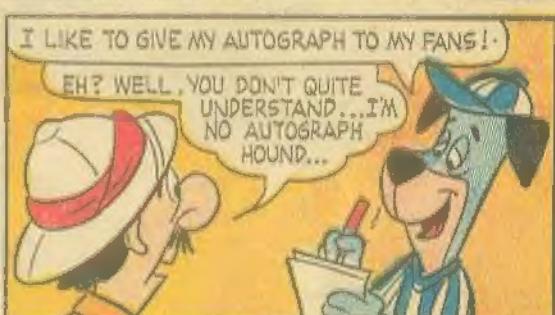
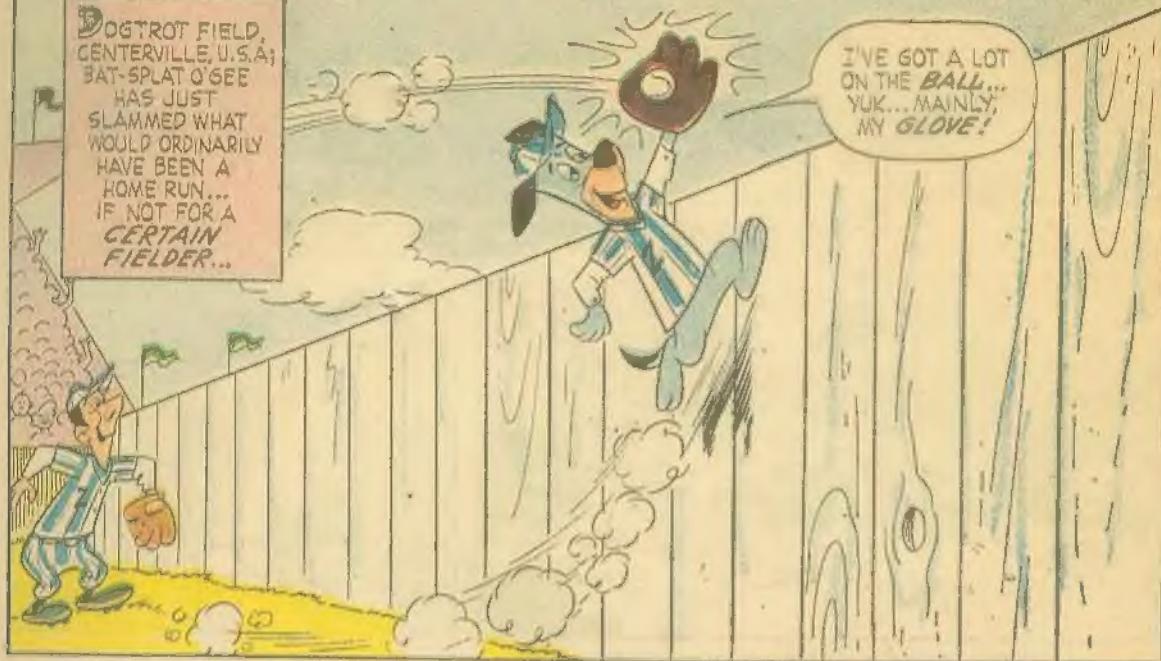
Huckleberry Hound



Huckleberry Hound THE BIRD DOGGIN' DOG

DOGROT FIELD,
CENTERVILLE, U.S.A.;
BAT-SPLAT O'SEE
HAS JUST
SLAMMED WHAT
WOULD ORDINARILY
HAVE BEEN A
HOME RUN...
IF NOT FOR A
CERTAIN
FIELDER...

I'VE GOT A LOT
ON THE BALL...
YUK... MAINLY,
MY GLOVE!



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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

LET ME EXPLAIN! I'M
BRING-'EM-BACK JACK,
AND I WANT TO BRING
A RARE ZIGZAG BIRD
FROM THE DINKA JUNGLE!

"I'VE TRIED AND TRIED, BUT THOSE
ZOONY ZIGZAG BIRDS ARE JUST TOO
ZIGZAGGY
FOR ME!"

BLONK!



AND A QUICK TRIP LATER...

LUCKY US! HERE COMES A
ZIGZAG BIRD
ALREADY!

YUK! ONLY
HALF A FENCE
HIGH!



I DON'T
WANT TO
BRING
BACK A
BRANCH!

I'M AWKWARD
WITH A BIG OL'
LONG-
STICKED
NET!

SCRUNCH!

OH, FIREFLIES!!

I'M GONNA USE MY VERY OWN
FLY CATCHER... MY FIELDER'S
GLOVE!

WELL... OKAY,
I GUESS!

HERE HE COMES AGAIN, HUCK!
NOW I FEEL FIT TO BRING
HIM IN!

BRAVO! THAT
RETIRES THE
SIDE AND ENDS
THE BIRD GAME!

PLOP!

JUST LIKE
SNAGGIN'
A HOMER!



SAY, THIS ZIGZAG BIRD'S HOLDIN' SOMETHIN' IN HIS CLAWS!

HMM... I'VE HEARD NATIVE STORIES ABOUT ZIGZAGS BEHAVING LIKE TRADE RATS! THAT IS, TAKING SOMETHING FROM THEIR NEST AND EXCHANGING IT FOR SOMETHING ELSE THAT THEY SPY!

WELL, THIS ZIGZAG BIRD SEEMS TO BE A GOOD TRADER!

A GOLDEN BEETLE! WHY, THE ANCIENT DINKA INDIANS MADE THINGS LIKE THIS OUT OF GOLD!

I WONDER IF THIS BIRD HAS COME FROM AN OLD HIDDEN RUIN FULL OF GOLD TREASURE?

HMM! MIGHT NOT BE SO HARD TO FIND OUT!

I'LL TIE A STRING AROUND HIS LEGBONE, TURN HIM LOOSE, AND FOLLOW HIM!

BULLY IDEA, HUCK!

HERE, BOY... WANT MY BALL CAP IN TRADE FOR THAT LI'L OL' GOLD GADGET WE TOOK FROM YOU?

THERE HE GOES, HAPPY AS A LARK!

HURRY, JACK! HE ACTS A MIGHT ANXIOUS TO GET HOME WITH HIS PRIZE!

OOPS! WHO LEFT THAT NET LEANING ON THE TREE?

TCH! PARDON ME!

DON'T FRET, JACK!
I'LL CARRY ON!
SEE YOU LATER!

OH, I'LL BE AN ANTEATER'S UNCLE!
MY FEET ARE ALL NETTED! (ULP!)



AND A SHORT ZIGZAG AWAY...

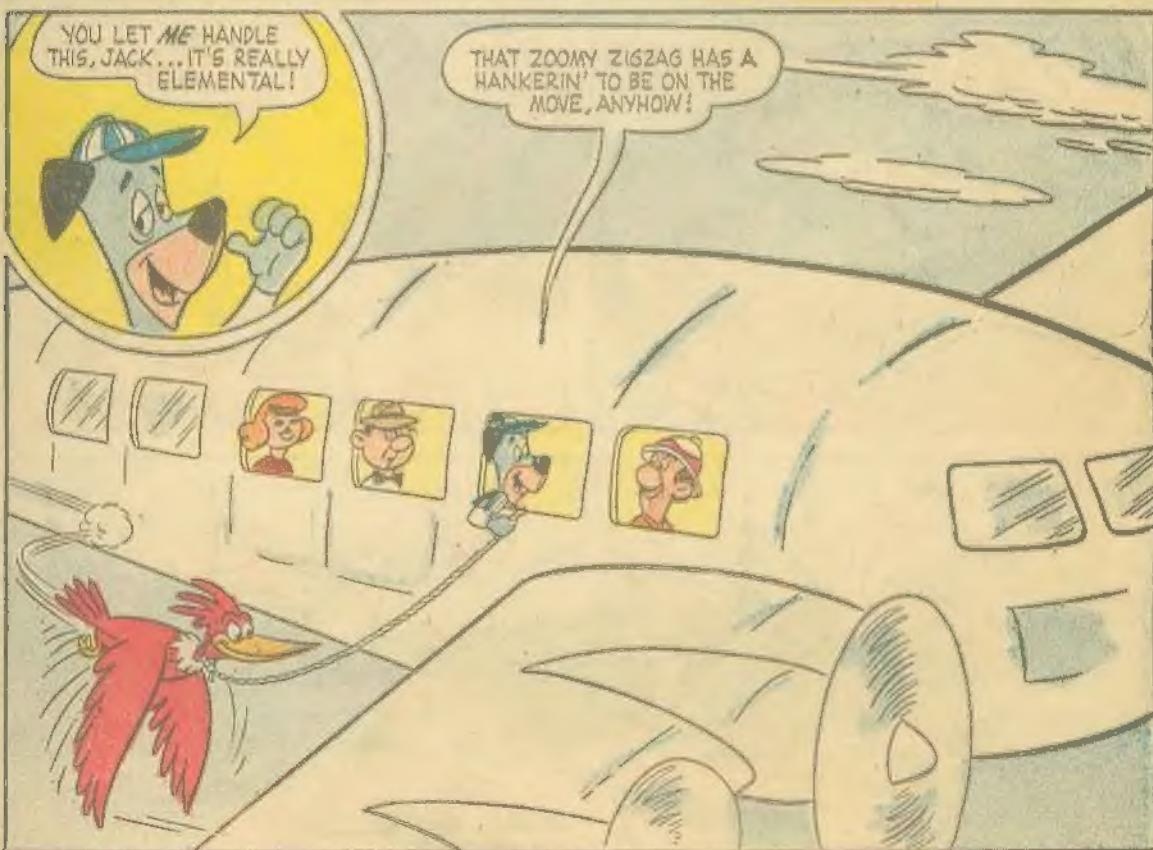






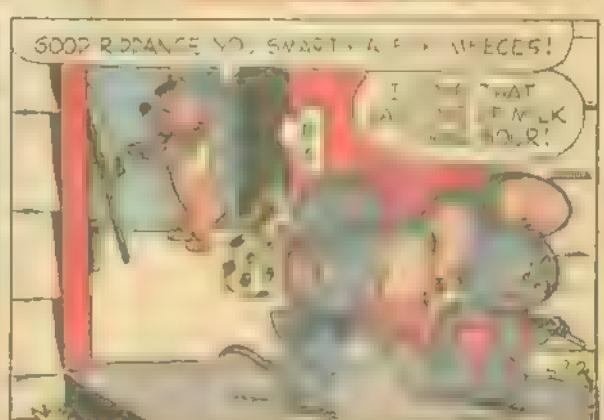


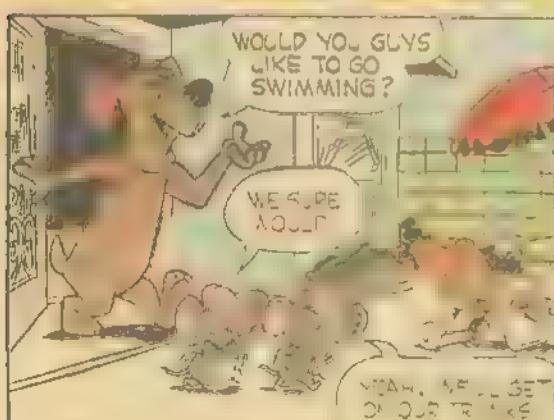






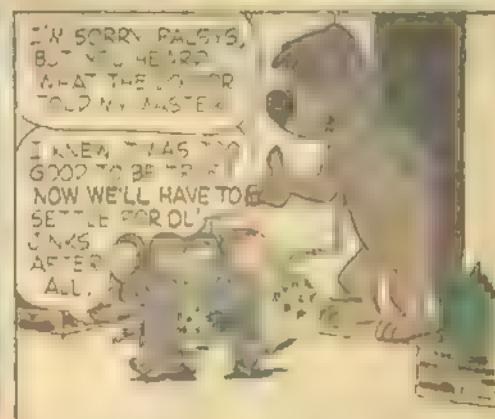
PIXIE, DIXIE & MR. JINKS RUNAWAY MEECES











HOKEY and DING-A-LING

GETTING THE BUSINESS

MY STOMACH IS SO FUR-PLATTENING
EMPTY THAT IF I SWALLOWED A PEA
YOU COULD HEAR IT RATTLE!

I'D BE TOO
HUNGRY TO
LISTEN!

VOIKS!
AS IF WE
DON'T HAVE
ENOUGH
TROUBLE!
I HEAR THE
ANGRY SNARL
OF A WILD
WOLF!

AREN'T YOU FORGETTING
SOMETHING? I'M A WOLF,
AND THESE ARE THE SNARLS
OF MY TAME TUMMY,
DUMMY!

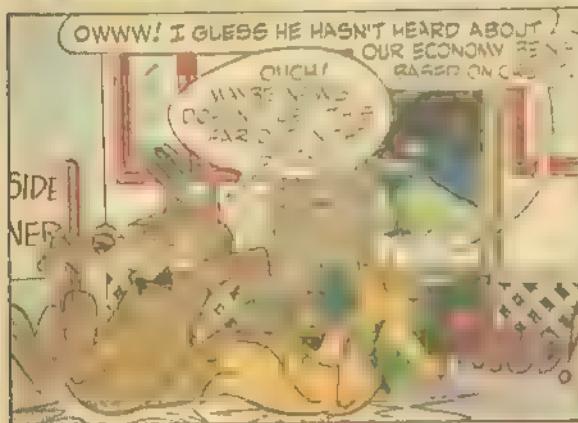
OH,
YEAH!

CAN'T YOU THINK
OF SOMETHING TO
GET US A SQUARE
MEAL, DING-A-
LING?

NOT ME, HOKEY!
YOU'VE ALWAYS
TAKEN CREDIT
FOR HAVING THE
BRAINS IN THIS
OUTFIT!

CREDIT! THAT'S
CREDIT!

OH BOY, HOKEY
IS COMING UP
WITH ONE OF
HIS BRAIN-
BUSTING IDEAS!

















Packy, the forgetful baby elephant, was eating tender bamboo shoots one rainy afternoon. "Hi-ho, I'm sure glad I have nothing I'm supposed to remember today," he sighed contentedly. "Every time I have to remember something I get into trouble."

Just then, the little pachyderm heard a tiny voice calling for help.

The rain had created small islands of the hummocks on the veld, and on one of these a little mother mouse was jumping up and down, appealing frantically to Packy.

"I must move my family away from here before the water gets any higher, or we'll all drown!" the mouse called anxiously. "Come and help me," she pleaded. "What are you just standing there for?"

"You've reminded me of something I'm supposed to remember," Packy replied thoughtfully. "Oh, well, it'll come to me. I'll wade over there now and rescue you."

Packy plunged into the water, but a moment later, scrambled back to shore. "It's too deep for me to wade, and I haven't learned to swim yet," he sputtered. "But don't worry. I'll get my mom to help you."

Packy sloshed away across the veld, but when he reached the place where he had last seen his mother, he discovered she had moved to another place to hunt for food.

"Zany zebras!" Packy muttered worriedly. "What am I supposed to do now? The water must be getting higher and higher around that little island the mice are on. They'll be swamped in another five minutes if I don't get them off of there."

As Packy stood lost in thought, his eyes fell on a long branch which was lying on the ground under some bushes.

"Ta-rant-ar-ah!" he trumpeted eagerly. "If

I can drag that branch over to the island and toss it over the water, it'll make a dandy bridge. Mrs. Mouse and her family will be able to walk right off the island with no trouble at all."

The baby pachyderm wrapped his stout little trunk around the branch and tugged to pull his makeshift bridge out of the bushes.

"Golly," he thought as he struggled, "I sure wish I could remember what I forgot when that mouse first called to me."

Grunting and slipping in the rain-washed grass, Packy finally succeeded in securing the branch. Squealing with success, he wheeled and plodded rapidly back to the island where the mice were waiting for him.

With a mighty toss, he threw the branch across the water so that it formed a natural bridge. A moment later, the family of mice gratefully crossed in safety.

"Thanks a lot," Mrs. Mouse squeaked with relief. "You were gone for so long that I was afraid you had forgotten all about us."

"You were lucky I didn't," Packy panted. "Being forgetful is one of my biggest faults. It's always getting me into trouble that otherwise would not have happened."

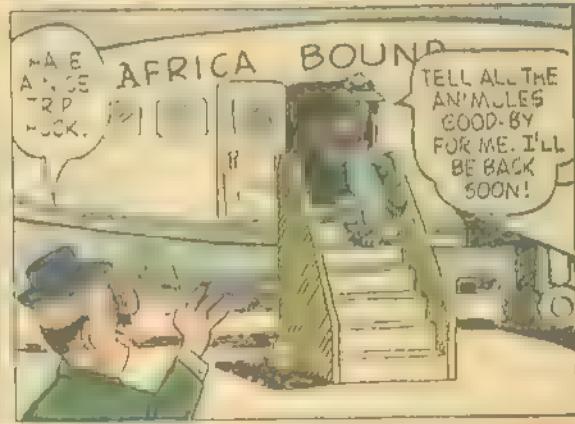
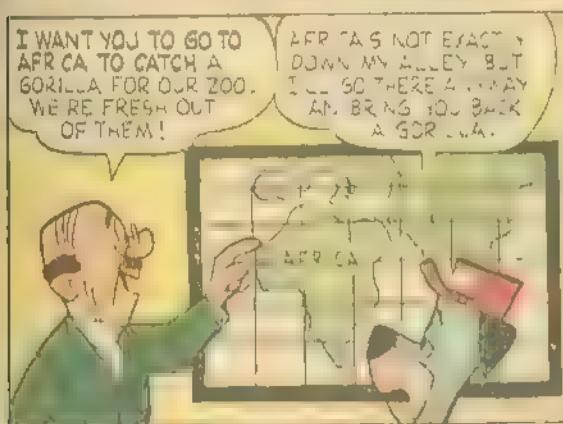
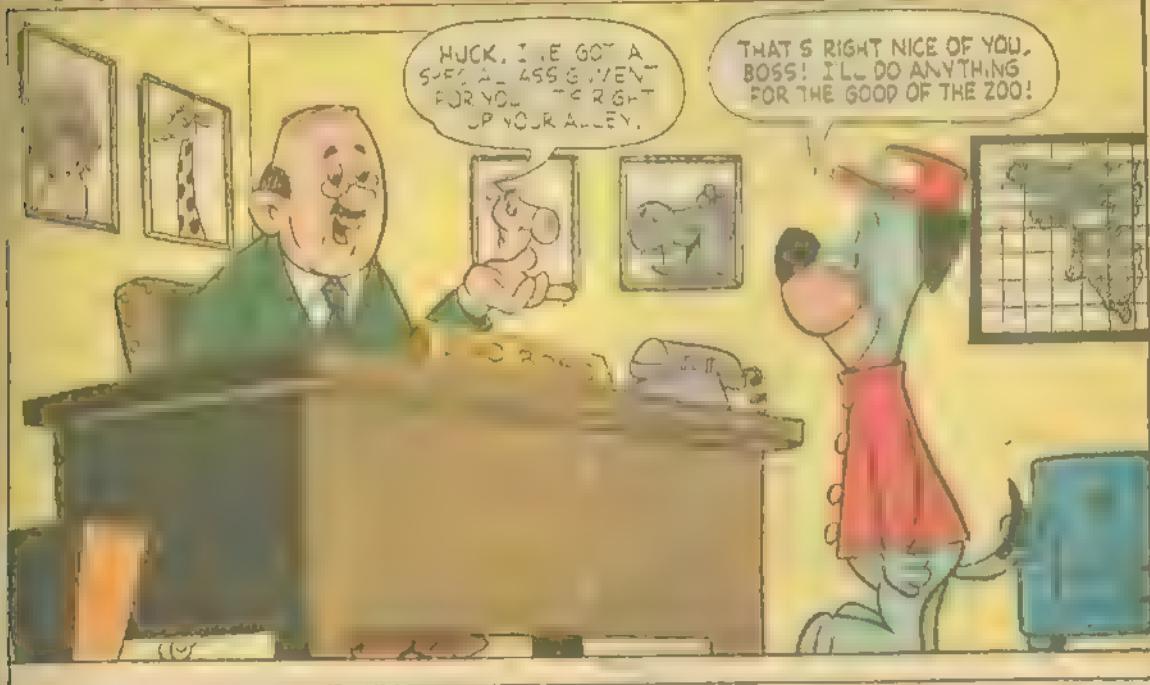
"Gosh, having a poor memory must be quite a handicap," the mouse sympathized.

Just then Packy trumpeted with surprise and squealed with laughter. "Galloping gazelles!" he giggled. "This is one time when forgetting has really been quite helpful."

"What do you mean?" the mouse squeaked.

"I just remembered what it was I'd forgotten in the first place," Packy tittered. "Elephants are supposed to be afraid of mice," he explained. "If I'd remembered that earlier I might have been too scared to help you at all today!"

Huckleberry Hound THE GORILLA GRABBER







SOON...



NOW HE'LL COME AFTER ME,
AN' I'LL SNAG HIM WITH MY
LASSO-TYPE ROPE!



OOPS! CAUGHT
IN MY OWN
GAME!
PUT ME
DOWN!
HEY!
LEGOO!



YOU'VE GOTTA ADMIT
THAT'S A MIGHTY CLEVER
GORILLA I'M DEALIN'
WITH!



ARE YOU GONNA COME
PEACEFULLY, OR DO I
HAVE TO
USE FORCE?



YOU FORCED ME INTO USIN' FORCE!
I'LL HAVE TO USE MY OL' JUDO
TRICKS ON YOU!





Huckleberry Hound COWARDLY K-9

HUCK, I WANT YOU TO VOLUNTEER TO BE THE FIRST MAN TO THE MOON!

I-I'D LIKE TO, SIR, EXCEPT I'M NOT A MAN!

